

Philosophy Fawcetter and Christmas Spectacular at Salt Lake

FRANCIS WILSON'S SALUTATION.

To the Christmas News:
NEW YORK—Your request for a holiday sentiment through the Christmas News touches a tender spot. Even though I am busy constructing, and have four hours work for every minute of energy I possess, still I pause long enough to say that I love you all out the wicket the same as I did in the days gone by. My delight in Salt Lake and many friends there has never faded a particle.
May all the season's richest blessings be yours.
FRANCIS WILSON.

"SALOMY JANE" SENDS GOOD WISHES.

To the Christmas News:
NEW YORK—Hail to the dear old west, scene of childhood's dreams and struggles, and to Salt Lake especially, greeting! Having traveled for several seasons with a lady whose principal waiting occupation is to sing Salt Lake's praises, I do not feel strange in sending a message of love and best wishes to the good people there. It is twenty years since we met, and I am told Salt Lake has undergone many changes in that time. May the period between this and our next meeting prove of shorter duration. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all.
ELEANOR ROBSON.

ADA DWYER RUSSELL'S GREETING.

To the Christmas News:
NEW YORK, Nov. 25, 1907.—The best that the holidays contain is none too good for Salt Lake, and I join Miss Robson in the hope that you may receive them all. We have been hoping and hoping that our astute manager might incline to mend the error of his ways, and send us westward, but so long as "Salomy Jane" maintains the hold it seems to have on the big cities of the east, perhaps we can expect no change in our route.
So we must hope on a little longer. A joyous Yuletide to all old friends.
ADA DWYER RUSSELL.

SALLIE FISHER'S REMINISCENCES OF "THE CHIMES."

To the Christmas News:
NEW YORK, N. Y., as I look back into the old days, I should try to count the many kindnesses shown me by Salt Lake's generally and the members of the Salt Lake Opera company particularly, they would mount as high as the top-most peak of the Wasatch.
The most conspicuous among these was at the time of my first appearance with that organization. How you all with untiring perseverance and patience drilled me for that "first appearance." If you had hoped of success for your first night, should I live through that awful first night, should I have been thrown into the ocean at mid-night I couldn't have felt more hopelessly lost. There I stood, silent, in the glare of the foot-lights, and my manager, plunged into my part at random and began singing—no—peddling, for shore. Is it any wonder I started my song two days ahead of the orchestra, then stuck out my tongue at the audience to my embarrassment?
I had it not been for the determination, to say nothing of the strong right arm of the manager of the Salt Lake Opera company that held me in the wings of the Salt Lake theater, my career would have come to an inglorious end, before it began.
The best love, the best hopes and the best Christmas cheer to all.
SALLIE FISHER.



THE VETERAN STODDART AT HOME.

FROM a sketch made last week at Sewaren, N. J., for the Christmas News by the artist, Clyde Squires. Mr. Squires was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Easton, and on leaving, the old actor requested Mr. Easton to sing for him the Mormon hymn, "O My Father."

"Janet" and Artist Squires Visit J. H. Stoddart.

Special Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Dec. 5.—It is a clear autumn day in October and the New Jersey train goes puffing through the lovely country roads, unmindful of the brilliant foliage and cozy houses, till at last the call "Sewaren!" greets the small party who descend to the platform, looking around vaguely at the many pretty houses, and wondering which is the home of J. H. Stoddart, America's grand old actor. As the surroundings become more impressed upon one, he thinks to himself—an ideal spot in which to watch the shadows lengthen upon a beautiful long life—the long and useful career of a man the public reveres as a true exponent of the best side of professional life—a man whose aims have been lofty, who has adorned the calling and brought to perfection the art of naturalness on the stage, which so many strive to obtain yet never seem to grasp.
But we are standing on the breezy platform thinking, while we should be traveling towards the water front, where the station master has pointed out the house, and to that point we take our way.
Up the broad steps, and on to the lawn we get the first greeting; the family pet pounces on us, licking our faces, jumping and barking as if to tell us that we are expected, then chasing up the steps to the wide veranda and saying as plainly as doggie can, "Come right in, we are looking for you."

"Keywaddin"—"Home of the Winds"—an odd name to give a home, yet one that impresses the situation of house and grounds is taken in by the eye; facing Staten Island sound, "Home of the Winds" seems not inappropriate, for it does not require much imagination to think that the "Banshee" might whistle around those angles enough to waken the inmates when Poreas is inclined to stir up things.
At the door Mrs. Tom Stoddart, the veteran's daughter-in-law, and Mollie and Jamie, his grandchildren—two of the sweetest little country red-checked bairnies one could find anywhere—give us the first hand-shake of welcome. Mrs. Stoddart, the daughter, has been on the sick list for several months, unable to leave her room, but from her

sunny quarters up stairs she calls out a "Howdy-do, old friends," as she hears our voices. Miss Stoddart, who was with her father on his last trip to Salt Lake, has been his traveling companion, "right-hand man," and indispensable friend so long that her absence from his side cannot fail to be remarked. Into a long, low, coiled room, filled with flowers, we are now introduced. The walls are lined with book shelves; a grand piano, from which charming Mrs. Tom Stoddart brings out the sweetest sounds for the accompaniment of the old actor, faces the door, and at the far end, in a small bay window, where the afternoon sun streams in, sits the central figure of this home-like household. In a grandfather's chair, given him on his eightieth birthday by his children, and grandchildren, dear Mr. Stoddart, still straight and alert as of old, with mild as clear and eye as bright as when he faced a "Bonnie Briar Bush" audience in by-gone days, faces us.
The name on the threshold is only for a moment, and as our party, with Bob Easton, once chief singer with the "Bonnie Briar Bush" company, at its head, enters the room, the white-haired figure gives this salutation: "Aye, Bob, mon, but I'm glad to see ye," and with these words all restraint is thrown to the winds—buz-buz, greetings, hand-claps and the thousand questions between friends—the answering and rejoicing of old acquaintances with endless hearty laughs between the old actor and "Bobby," as each in turn recalls the old road experiences. Then comes the request from "Lachlan Campbell": "Sing me 'Loch Lomond,' 'Auld Lang Syne,' and all the rest, and at the finish: 'Aye, mon, ye've got it in ye yet,' hearty words, which imply ready the singer.

Again, seated around the arm-chair, an odd name to give a home, yet one that impresses the situation of house and grounds is taken in by the eye; facing Staten Island sound, "Home of the Winds" seems not inappropriate, for it does not require much imagination to think that the "Banshee" might whistle around those angles enough to waken the inmates when Poreas is inclined to stir up things.
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quaint way Mr. Stoddart recalled his engagement in Salt Lake with the Home Dramatic club in 1884, when, as he humorously said, he took the trip with some difference, playing with amateurs was hardly in his line. "But imagine my astonishment," he added, "when I found myself confronted by professionals, not amateurs in any sense. I cannot speak in too great praise of that company."
Lovely he spoke of that notable company of players with whom he appeared in "Saints and Sinners," calling Manager Whitney his "dear boy," H. M. Wells, "my dear friend, the governor," and referring to the talents of Edith Clifton, R. S. Young, John Spencer and the others. He had a tender word for his fellow Scot, David McCounie, and for the veteran Phil Margittis, whom he has known for years.
Then came a musing review of the different managers under whom he had played—A. M. Palmer, Lester Wallace, Laura Kewen, Mrs. John Wood, Dion Boucicault, Chas. Frohman and last of all Kirk La Shelle, under whose management he filled his last engagement in "The Bonnie Briar Bush," and so on to the latest news in theater or stage land.
The testimonial which Daniel Frohman—that promoter of so many benefits for worthy professionals—is now figuring in Mr. Stoddart's honor, was gratefully referred to; we express our hope that it may speedily materialize, for no one can have a greater claim upon the public than this grand old man, whose blameless life and devotion to art have given him a unique place among those who have toiled for the elevation of the stage; and so the afternoon goes; time is flying, and trains do not wait, and as exasperations are going on for leave-taking, one last request is made by the old actor: "Bob, give me 'O My Father.' I heard you sing it in the Tabernacle at Salt Lake once, and have never forgotten it." As the favorite old hymn was sung—as only Bob Easton can sing it, the dear old man wiped the tears from his eyes, and lovingly the good-byes were spoken.
As we turned away and left him, there, surrounded by his loved ones, it was with a pang that we thought it might be the last time we should look upon the great old actor in this life; but peace and contentment are surely his portion, and doubtless he is spending the evening of his days in the way his heart could best desire.
JANET.

HEARTY WORDS FROM HENRY MILLER.

To the Christmas News:
NEW YORK, Nov. 20, 1907.—There is no greeting which I can offer to my dear friends in Salt Lake City more consonant with real happiness than "Peace and Good-will."
As I look back over the many years during which it has been my pleasure to visit your city, my heart is filled with grateful remembrance of the unselfish kindness and generosity that has always been tendered him during his few visits to their city.
It is such a pleasure to be among people who are not afraid to show their appreciation if one has been fortunate enough to please and entertain them! Whose memories are so good; hearts so big, and generosity unequalled, the world over.
Wishing you all the merriest of Christmas and the happiest and most prosperous of New Years, Believe me always,
Sincerely,
DUSTIN FARNUM.



THE "VIRGINIAN" REMEMBERS SALT LAKE FRIENDS.

To the Christmas News:
NEW YORK—A holiday greeting to all the good folks of Salt Lake from one who thoroughly appreciates the unlimited kindness and generosity that has always been tendered him during his few visits to their city.
It is such a pleasure to be among people who are not afraid to show their appreciation if one has been fortunate enough to please and entertain them! Whose memories are so good; hearts so big, and generosity unequalled, the world over.
Wishing you all the merriest of Christmas and the happiest and most prosperous of New Years, Believe me always,
Sincerely,
DUSTIN FARNUM.



WALTER EDWARDS HARKS BACK TO THE OLD DAYS.

To the Christmas News:
NASHUA, N. H., Nov. 1907.—How I would like to drop down among my old Salt Lake friends again if only for a day! They would not be compelled to look me up. I'd run my legs off dodging them and have both arms in sling before night. You see I "lay the flattering unction," etc., that I have friends enough who remember me in your dear old "burgh" to keep me hopping for a spell!
How are you all, anyway? I would like to sit down and have a good old gab with you! You could probably tell me a few things that I don't believe I'm any worse than then. Have you ever thought that nearly every one of our first company at the Grand have since had a "star" before and after their names? That's not bad is it? And you critics there who told us the truth about ourselves (sometimes you were kind enough not to go too deeply into details) surely helped us on the way.
What have I been doing since those days? After leaving Salt Lake there followed stock engagements in Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Nashville and Memphis, Tenn., Richmond and Norfolk, Va., and Atlanta, Ga., and New Orleans—part of the time at the head of my own company. A three years' starring tour as Sherlock Holmes. Last year the leading part in "The Student" in support of Miss Lena Ashwell, the great English actress, and in the spring when Mr. Edmund Bross went to London with Robert Edeson I was engaged for the part of "Ready-money Ryder," in "The Lion and the Mouse," and am now at the head of the company playing this eastern territory. Of course you've seen the play, and can judge if I can "get away with" the part!
Speaking of Mr. Edeson, the memory of our dear old friend George, his father, always comes up in my mind. Never will I forget the opening night of our second season with you—a very badly behaved audience—they walked down the aisle to shake hands with us! They should have been ashamed—but when I came out there again if they don't do the same thing I'll be sore! "Top and I stuck together pretty well up to his last exit in Philadelphia, and it was my privilege to be among those to render the last loving services to him in life, and to bear him to his last resting place.
I am still married—and to the same wife! I can't lose her! Jay Rogers didn't quite like his first appearance with "rambly" bringing up the rear. Didn't think it augured well for a possible future matinee idol, but that little dark-eyed woman was a big factor in making my success in Salt Lake, as elsewhere. She is still my best present agent—and has three very able assistants. The two girls promise to rival their mother as singers, and the boy I think has a fine future as an artist. He has done some wonderfully clever things.
I could chat on all day with you about Salt Lake and there are so many things I would like to hear of, questions to ask about my many friends—so many I'd scarcely know which one to start on. Tell them all how I would like to see them, and will some day. In all my travels we have never found a place where there was so much, and so many dear to our hearts. This may sound a little stereotyped, but it is on the level.
We have a nice little summer home at 83 Keilworth street, Portland, Maine, and you know our latching always was, is, and will be out. Its near the broad Atlantic and we would be pleased to "have our friends drop in." The best good to you in all ways.
Sincerely,
WALTER EDWARDS.



BOB EASTON PREFERS BUSINESS TO STAGE LIFE.

To the Christmas News:
NEW YORK, Nov. 20, 1907.—Greeting, good luck and the best of cheer to all my old Salt Lake friends. The days of the Tabernacle choir, of the Stephens Opera company, of my brief business life among you, have been days on some other planet. The approach of another Christmas finds me "pegging away" at a business deal in busy New York, work that I find more congenial to my tastes than the glamour of the footlights. The stage possesses for me but few attractions.
A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all my old friends in Utah generally, and to the dear ones in Salt Lake, Provo and Logan especially.
Sincerely,
R. C. EASTON.



EMMA LUCY GATES ON BERLIN LIFE.

Special Correspondence.
BERLIN, Germany, Nov. 25.—I find Berlin changed to what it was some years ago. It is much bigger, has many new opera houses and theaters, and it is also more expensive. Tickets and pensions are 20 per cent more. Students who lived here some years ago on fifty dollars a month would find seventy-five now. For houses are not only higher, but just double.
Opera tickets, that were two and one-half marks are now three; seats that were six marks are now eight, and so it goes. It is certainly much harder financially for a student here, but on the other hand the artist gets more for engagements than before. In fact managers pay a hundred dollars a month where they paid fifty six years ago.
Things in the musical, or I should say, dramatic way, are much improved. Years ago, Berliners were satisfied to hear Wagner, Weber and Verdi sung by any one who had strength enough to be heard above the huge orchestras, and when such artists as Sembrich and Bied were here they often had to play

to small houses. When Caruso first came to Berlin it was only a small, independent opera house that sustained by the government which thought of bringing him to all. Caruso was disgusted when he found where he had contracted to sing, and after a few performances which made no sensation at all, he left Berlin and never came back until London and New York had proclaimed him the greatest tenor of the world.
But now things are different. Berlin has just had an opera company from Monte Carlo, with Saint Saens and other French composers and conductors; Grieg also came down from Norway, and of course you know of Caruso's recent visit.
This importation of artists from other countries was seldom thought of in those other days, the Berliners being quite satisfied with what Germany produced. You can imagine the difference then and now, when I tell you that, not only were the seats raised to 25 marks from 6 marks (an unheard of thing) and the 8 marks seats were raised to 6 marks, but for the four performances there were 40,000 applica-



GRISMER AND DAVIES REDEVELOP.

To the Christmas News:
NEW YORK, Nov. 1907.—Hello, Deseret News! Greetings. We should like to be "Called back" to your memory.
When Rip Van Winkle returned to his home after his sleep of twenty years, and found himself a total stranger, he exclaimed, "Are we so soon forgotten when we are gone?" But Rip was a "luck-woman"—slow to grasp the mutability of time, and both he and his wife were "back numbers." Had he been a player of today—he might have exclaimed, "Are we so long remembered in our absence?"—if he found that someone recalled even his name. A decade—only half of Rip's nap—has elapsed since we "trod the boards" of the old Salt Lake Theater—place of happy recollections, yet we shall feel no other surprise nor chagrin if the "News" readers ask "Who are they?" when they see our names again in print.
We have not been "Way Down East" long enough to forget our "Way Out West" friends, and while we are keeping abreast of "The Man of the Hour," we should like to hark back to the old days of the theater that held them, and to the city by the great salt sea, where we always found hearts as big as the theater that held them, and as warm as the Utah sun—at least long enough to wish them all a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year!



gone to New York. It doesn't leave much here at the opera outside of Deseret, still there are our American singers, who by the way, number six, all taking first parts, and I could tell you a lot of gossip of the jealousy that exists at the opera house, and of the German singers threatening to "strike"—if time and space allowed.
But the music student can always find comfort in the dozens of good

concerts given here weekly. There was an unusual one last month, a Russian by the name of Kossowitsky, who played the bass viol, or "contrabass," as a solo instrument. We all went out of curiosity, but stayed to admire and about "bravo!" I have never heard any violin or cello played more beautifully. His tone was as sweet and fine as Harkness's and his program was a perfect delight, his Mozart, Beethoven

Borghi numbers being perfect gems. There are the usual Knicker, Huson, Godowsky, Hauer and Lehmann concerts, and also the hundreds of dramatics, giving concerts to their friends and the critics, hoping to get good notices for European and American use. Then there are the hundreds of American and German girls studying and working for the chance of an operatic engagement here in Germany. Their list is hard unless they are very talented, and have all the requirements of an opera singer.

A SOPRANO'S NEEDS.
I am told that a soprano (unless she is an exception, like Farrar) is required to have no less than 15 to 20 roles committed to memory. She must furnish her own costumes, and should she be fortunate enough to get an engagement she would probably earn from \$25 to \$35 a month! To get an engagement, she must sing for all the agents' bureaux, and sometimes she is one out of 150 waiting for a chance to sing. Then when her time arrives, she is ushered into the "Hof den," and before the agent has her open mouth, he asks her for her list of operas, books her over to see if she is too fat or too tall, and finally lets her begin. She may have brought two arias to sing, and at the second her she is stopped and told she will not do. Then the poor girl tries to try all over again at some other bureau.
I have a friend here from New York with a lovely dramatic soprano voice for such parts as Micaela in "Carmen," but unfortunately she has not a perfect figure. She told me that poor girl (a year of hard work in preparing her roles, she was never allowed to sing

in one bureau. The moment she walked in there they scanned her figure, they told her they were sorry, but had no place vacant. After a year of futile attempts, she began learning high dramatic roles, such as Fidelio, and all the Wagnerian parts, as it matters not what sort of a figure one has for such roles, but her voice was not strong enough for the strain and she almost ruined it. Poor girl, a voice for young parts and a figure for old; so she gave up the operatic stage and has gone into concert work.

But the American girl has certainly the best of it over here, for she is naturally a harder worker, and many fine voices are coming from home now. There are 35 Americans (men and women) in Hof operas here, all having the first positions. Most of them are getting from \$100 to \$200 a month, which is excellent for Berlin.

UTAH WORKERS.
The Utah students are all working hard at piano, vocal and languages, and hoping some day to be entitled to join the ranks of American musicians abroad.

There are not a great number of us here but we all live within hours' minutes of each other, and all eat at the same pension. We take a daily walk and generally go to concerts or spend our evenings together. There are almost as many Elders as students, but we do not do the same of the workers in Berlin.
EMMA LUCY GATES.